

Simon the Snail



SIMON THE SNAIL

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A GARDEN FULL OF TALL GRASS AND TWINKLING FIREFLIES,
THERE LIVED A LITTLE SNAIL NAMED SIMON.
SIMON WAS SMALL, WITH A SHINY SHELL THAT SPARKLED WHEN THE MORNING DEW
KISSED IT.

SIMON LOVED ADVENTURES. BUT THERE WAS ONE PROBLEM... HE WAS SLOW.
"TOO SLOW TO PLAY TAG," THE CRICKETS SAID.
"TOO SLOW TO RACE," THE BEETLES LAUGHED.
"TOO SLOW TO EXPLORE," THE ANTS TOLD HIM.

BUT SIMON DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM. HE WANTED TO SEE THE VERY TOP OF THE
SUNFLOWER HILL – A PLACE WHERE YOU COULD WATCH THE STARS DANCE AT
NIGHT.

SO ONE BRIGHT MORNING, SIMON STARTED HIS JOURNEY.
HE SLID PAST THE LADYBUGS. HE SLID PAST THE ANTS.
AND HE SLID RIGHT UNDER A BUSY BUTTERFLY WHO ZIPPED BY WITH A GIGGLE.

SIMON MOVED SLOWLY. VERY SLOWLY.
BUT WITH EACH LITTLE STRETCH AND SLIDE, HE WHISPERED TO HIMSELF,
“ONE STEP AT A TIME... ONE SLIDE AT A TIME... I'LL GET THERE!”

THE DAY GREW LONG. THE GRASS BENT IN THE WIND. THE CRICKETS FINISHED THEIR
SONGS.

STILL, SIMON KEPT GOING.
HIS SHELL GREW HEAVY, HIS BODY FELT TIRED, BUT SIMON REMEMBERED HIS
DREAM.

FINALLY, JUST AS THE MOON PEEKED OUT, SIMON REACHED THE VERY TOP OF THE
SUNFLOWER HILL.

THE STARS TWINKLED JUST FOR HIM.
THE FIREFLIES LIT UP AROUND HIM LIKE TINY LANTERNS.

AND SIMON SMILED THE BIGGEST SNAIL SMILE YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

FROM THAT NIGHT ON, NO ONE LAUGHED AT SIMON AGAIN.
THEY SAW THAT BEING SLOW DIDN'T MATTER – NOT WHEN YOU KEEP GOING, NOT
WHEN YOU NEVER GIVE UP.

AND SIMON LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF ALL:
TO TRY, AND TRY AGAIN... BECAUSE TRYING IS THE ONLY WAY TO WIN.